

THE CHILDRENS' PAGE.

MORE PUZZLES AND ANSWERS TO
THOSE OF LAST WEEK.The Week's Story—A Courageous Boy—
Hare and Hounds—Answers to Last
Week's Puzzles.

The Contrary Boy.

I am the queerest sort of boy the world
has ever seen—
In fact, I don't suppose before my like has
ever been,
Because, from early dawning to the set-
ting of the sun,
I always want to do the things that
really can't be done.

For instance when the summer comes, I
sit down by the gate
And almost tear my hair with rage be-
cause I cannot skate.
And through the heated August nights I
often lie in bed
And mourn and groan because I can't
go coasting on my sled.

Then when the frigid winter's here, and
things begin to freeze,
I feel as though I'd like to climb up in
the apple trees
And pluck the blossoms from the twigs;
But blossoms none are there
When winter winds are howling and the
apple boughs are bare.

At breakfast time I sit me down, and
often deeply sigh
Because there's toast and buckwheat
cakes instead of pumpkin pie;
Yet, when at dinner time we've pie, my
tears come down like lakes
Because by that time I've a taste for
toast and buckwheat cakes.

And I would say to other boys who think
it's fun to be
Contrarywise that they would best take
warning now from me;
Because I find the habit leaves me always
dull and sad,
And makes of me a very dear, ill-natured
sort of lad.

Little Miss Pinfoot.

Little Miss Pinfoot was a homely and
old-fashioned doll, with a painted face
as ugly as a Chinese idol, and arms and
legs as stiff as straight, and nearly as
brittle as a pipestem, which they closely
resembled. As for clothes, she had none
to boast of, as the pinkish yellow gown
and short cambric skirt she wore—both
of which were sewed on her—comprised
her entire wardrobe.

But ugly as she was, I doubt if ever
dolls were loved with more entire devotion.
And now I want to tell you how Little
Miss Pinfoot came by her very singular
name.

Years and years ago two little girls
lived in a great white farmhouse out in
the beautiful country. They were as
nearly alike as two peas, that is they
had the same bright black eyes, the same
curling brown hair, and were about the
same size, only the older sister had a face
like a pure white lily, while the younger
had cheeks as firm and as round as a
bright winter apple.

Their house stood on the summit of a
wind-swept hill, with still higher hills
beyond. From its pleasant windows one
could look out upon green waving woods,
broad meadows, or fields of golden grain;
while away in the distance, covered with
a veil-like mist, were the blue mountains.
Magnificent maple trees, whose sturdy
trunks had withstood the storms of a hun-
dred years, thrust their protecting branches
high above the house and cast a cool
and refreshing shade.

Between the house and the road stretch-
ed a wide grassy lawn, which also was
filled with trees and sloped away on the
east to the base of the hill, where, hid-
den from sight, was the small white
church, its steeple just peeping out from
among the clustering trees. To the left of
the lawn was the pretty parsonage, with
its sweetbrier covered windows and its
front yard, where the flowering locusts
grew; and across the street was another
large and prosperous farmhouse.

O it was a delightful spot. I do not be-
lieve in all Connecticut a lovelier or more
picturesque place could be found.

The sisters were the youngest of a
large family, some of whom had married
and made homes of their own, while others
filled important positions of trust in
the world, so the two little girls were all
that remained in the home nest.

They had such a happy childhood! With
a tender mother so patient and sweet,
and a big splendid father who looked so
grand in his Colonel's uniform as mounted
on his spirited black horse he rode at the
head of his regiment, that young as they
were, his small daughters were very
proud of him.

The sisters had but few toys. I am sure
neither of them had ever seen a fine doll
but for all that they had amusements
without number. First, there was the
dappled grey pony, which was their very
own, and as gentle as a kitten, which they
rode and petted and spoiled to their
heart's content. Then there were endless
frolics among the heaps of soft fragrant
hay, and on great occasions a ride to the
mammoth barn on the top of a big load.

And the fruit orchards, where on sun-
ny low-spreading limbs they would sit
for hours at a time hidden away among
the green branches. Then there was the
winding down the long hill in winter,
which was a never failing delight.

One never-to-be-forgotten day the sisters
opened their eyes upon a strange
wonderful world. The familiar land-
scape was blotted out of sight, and as far
as the eye could reach was one un-
broken waste of snow. All along that
wind-swept hill the fences were buried
quite out of sight, and the trees and
buildings assumed the most fantastic
shapes. On the tiny windowpanes Jack
Frost had woven his daintiest embroid-
eries.

That morning the minister came
across the white billowy lawn and car-
ried the little girls to the pretty parson-
age, where a great surprise awaited them.
On the table were two dolls exactly alike
—only one had feet, which were painted
a bright green in imitation of shoes; the
other had purple feet—which were design-
ated as a gift to the children. The elder
sister in her grave lady-like manner ex-
pressed her thanks politely, but I doubt
if the younger, who was an impulsive en-
thusiastic child, even thought of thanks
in her excitement. She hugged the doll
to her bosom her feet scarce touching
the floor, and insisted on going home
immediately to display her treasure.

As she was running to meet her father,
however, she tripped, and lo! one of her
darling's green feet lay upon the floor.
The dear father who was kindness it-
self, took the sobbing child in his strong
arms and soothed the troubled little
heart. He told her how people often met
with similar accidents, and how they went

to a surgeon who would make the broken
limb almost as good as it was before,
and proposed he should perform a sur-
gical operation on Miss Dolly.

The little girl hushed her sobs presently
and became interested forthwith. Bor-
ing a small hole quite through the foot,
he inserted a pin therein, the point of
which he fastened firmly in the leg.
"Now, dear," said he, "you have a
name for this young lady; you can call
her little Miss Pinfoot."

An little Miss Pinfoot she remained
ever after. Indeed her little mistress took
great pride in displaying the revolving
green foot on all occasions, and I dare
say looked loftily down upon the other
doll, who had never been the heroine of a
similar adventure.

Many years afterward the younger sister
went to the old home. The pleasant
white farmhouse was desolate. She was
an earnest, saddened woman now, and a
crown of silver had long since replaced the
brown, clustering curls. The sweet, ten-
der mother and the dear father—grand and
majestic even in death—were sleeping
peacefully in the churchyard at the base
of the hill.

In one of the dismantled, echoing rooms
she found little Miss Pinfoot. She still
wore the same pinkish yellow gown, and
the same short cambric skirt; and the
green foot still revolved on its pin pivot.
From much kissing, the paint had been
worn away from the ugly face. Through
all the many necessities of the chang-
ing years, little Miss Pinfoot alone re-
mained unchanged.—The Christian Work.

The Street Called "By and By."

(By Eva Lovett Carsan.)

The street called "By and By" is
Smooth, and down a hill it windeth;
And he who starts its crooked way,
Much cure for trouble findeth.

But at the entrance is a sign—
"Here put away Endeavor;
For down the street called 'By and By,'
You reach the house called 'Never!'"

The house called "Never" stands below,
A grim and ghastly tower,
Whose broken windows, shattered roof,
And ruined turrets lower;
While from the casement gaunt Despair
A warning shrieks forever;
"Take heed! The street called 'By and By'
Leads to the house called 'Never!'"

What matter though the street be fair,
And flowers tempt my straying,
Though strife be hard, and rest be sweet,
And easy the delaying;

If, at the end, I surely find
That Hope and I must sever,
When down the street called "By and By"
I reach the house called "Never?"

Redan Massy.

The following is an extract from a let-
ter of an officer of the Light Division:
"SEBASTOPOL, September 18, 1855.—
By the way, I must give you the history,
in a few words, of a few hours in the
life of a great hero, and depend upon it,
of a great man if he lives. He is in the
next regiment to us, and I have the de-
tails from a wounded sergeant of ours
who lay next him during the day and
night of the 8th. I allude to young Dun-
ham Massy, of the 19th—I believe the
youngest officer of the army. He is now
known as "Redan Massy," for there
are three of the same name in the regi-
ment. This noble boy, in the absence of
his cousin, led the Grenadier Company,
and was about the first man of the corps
to jump into the ditch of the Redan,
waving his sword and calling on his men,
who nobly stood by him, till, left for
nearly two hours without support, and
seized by a fear of being blown up, they
retired. Young Massy, borne along, en-
deavored to disengage himself from the
crowd, and stood almost alone, going
round frequently to the batteries, with
head erect, and with a calm, proud, dis-
dainful eye. Hundreds of shot were aimed
at him, and at last, when leading and
climbing the ditch, he was struck and
his thigh broken. Being the last, he was
of course left there. Now, listen to this:
The wounded around were groaning, and
some even loudly crying out. A voice
called out, faintly at first, loudly at last:
"Are you Queen Victoria's soldiers?"
"I am I am!"
"Then," said the gallant boy, "let us
not shame ourselves; let us show those
Russians that we can bear pain, as well
as fight, like men."
"There was a silence as of death, and
more than once he had it renewed by
similar appeals. The unquailing spirit
of that fearless boy ruled all around
him. As evening came on, the Russians
crept out of the Redan and plundered
some of the wounded, at the same time
showing kindness and in some cases giv-
ing water. When the works of the Redan
were blown up in the night by the re-
treating Russians, the poor boy had his
right leg fearfully crushed by a falling
stone. He was found in the morning by
some Highlanders, and brought to his
regiment almost dead from loss of blood.

Hare and Hounds.

When the ground becomes too hard for
foot-ball and the weather is yet too cold
for cricket or base ball, boys who love
athletic sports turn their attention to
hare and hounds.

This is the time of the year when the
air is keen and bracing, and the dancing
eye and ruddy cheek after a stiff run
across country portend such health as no
amount of gymnasium work could give.

Saturday afternoon is the time generally
chosen for a big run, chiefly because
every boy is free from school duties on
that day, and he feels like giving vent
to his pent-up spirits.

The first item in the preparation for a
"run" is the tearing up scent. This was
one of Tom Brown's first duties. He
was set to tearing up old newspapers,
copy books and magazines into small
pieces and packing them into four large
canvas bags. These are carried by the
two hares, who are supposed to "cast
the scent" at intervals, to mark their
trail. These fellows must be very swift
runners, crafty, and, of course, long
winded. They, as well as the hounds,
are dressed in light clothing.

The usual costume is a jersey with
short duck trousers supported by a belt,
stockings or not, as you choose, and
running shoes. A meeting place is appointed,
and when everybody is present a route
or "run" is mapped out. It may be semi-
circular, circular, or straight, but it is
sure to zig-zag—that is, if the hares are
up to their business.

The distance of the "run" must be
suited to the caliber of the runners. At
Rugby, the cradle of paper chasing in
England, the best run was the "Crick."
It was twelve and a quarter miles long,
and the best record for a pair of hares
was one hour sixteen minutes and fifty-
four seconds.

The hares are given a start, techni-
cally called "law," of ten minutes, after
which time the pack is let loose. On
emerging into an open field where the

hares are known to have crossed, the
pack scatters to find the first trace of
scent. The boy who first hits the trail
announces the fact and the whole pack
make for that spot, and follow up the
scent until it is lost again, when another
scattering takes place.

Every pack of hounds has its leader, a
boy who is a strong runner and acquaint-
ed with the tricks of the hares. This is
an important point, for a pack of hounds
will lose much time by following a
doubled trail.

The aim of every hound is to be in
at the finish, and that of the hares to
run the course in the shortest time pos-
sible without being overtaken. This, of
course, necessitates fast running, and
what is still more exhausting, leaping
fences, ditches, hedges and plodding
through plowed fields. There is probably
nothing that develops the legs and ex-
pands the chest as this cross-country
run, and the boy who can get over six
or seven miles at a good, stiff pace, tak-
ing all the fences, is not likely to be
delicate at least.

This fact is recognized by the English,
who are passionately fond of hare and
hounds. All over the country are organ-
ized clubs, recruited from the nobility.
These clubs have weekly runs, and though
they are attended with much fashionable
display, are no make believes. For these
runs are about a dozen good English
miles, and any one who drops out of the
chase is looked upon as rather soft ma-
terial.—Courier Journal.

Examinations.

The other night I went to bed,
But not to sleep, for my poor head
Was filled with a most awful dread—
Examinations.

I thought of this, and then of that;
Of set and sit; which goes with sat;
I fear my brain has run to fat
Examinations.

Next came the base, and rate per cent,
Of money to an agent sent,
And with that all of them went
Examinations.

Then my lessons I tried to spell;
Which words have two, and which one L?
O, my poor brain! I cannot tell
Examinations.

Where is Cape Cod, and where Pekin?
Where do the rivers all begin?
A high per cent I cannot win
Examinations.

Who was John Smith? What did he do?
And all the other fellows, too?
Examinations.

Oh, welcome sleep! at last it came,
But not to rest me, all the same;
For in my dreams this is my bane—
Examinations.

How They Grew a Bell.

At the beginning of the last century
the only church bell at Grossdauwitz, Ger-
many, was so small that its tones were
not sufficient to penetrate to the ends
of the village. A second bell was badly
wanted, but the village was poor, and
where was the money to come from?

One Sunday, when the schoolmaster,
Gottfried Hayn, was going to church, he
noticed growing out of the churchyard
wall a flourishing green stalk of corn,
the seed of which must have been dropped
by a passing bird. The idea suddenly
struck him that perhaps this one stalk
of corn could be made the means of pro-
curing the second bell they wanted so
much. He waited until the corn was ripe
and then he plucked the six ears on it
and rowed them in his own garden. The
next year he gathered the little crop thus
produced, and sowed it again, till at last
he had not enough room in his garden
for the crop, and so he divided it among
a certain number of farmers, who went
on sowing the ears until, in the eighth
year, the crop was so large that when
it was put together and sold they found
that they had money enough to buy a
beautiful bell.—Harper's Young People.

PRIZE FOR NUMBER 11.

Won by Momaduke Atkinson, South
Third Street.

Correct solutions were also received
during the past week from Kate Vandiver,
Ashland; Inez Goodwin, Barton
Heights; Pearl Scott, City; Nannie P.
Myers, Petersburg; Juliet Vashon, city;
Annie Bowman, city; Annie W. Martin,
Waverly Va.; Sadie Hawley, city; Alice
Morris Reddy, Visitation Convent, city;
A. Grinnell, city; Eugenia Henry, city;
Mary Johnston, city; Newton Sheard, city;
T. Bolton Harrison, city; Virginia Adair
Minor, city; S. Bassett French, Jr., Man-
chester; Harold S. Bloomberg, city; Elsie
Boykin, Nannie Dunlop, Marie A. Tay-
lor, Willie Roane, Mary E. Farthing,
Newport News; Louise C. Pendleton,
Marion; John Emery Lear, Petersburg;
Annie P. Barnes, Boulevard, Va.; John
Glennt, Roanoke, Va.; Bernard Kyle
Bright, Abington, Va.

Last Week's Answers.

9. 1. Behalf. 2. Behold. 3. Belief. 4.
before. 5. Behoof. 6. Befoul. 7. Benign.
8. Behind.

10. Blacking (black, king).
11. 831
216

4986
831
1662

12. Rainbow. 179496

13. R
NEP
RATED
DEVICES
COTICULAR
PANTICULATED
POPULATED
RELATED
SATED
RED
D

14. Met, me.
15. Beech-nutting.
16. 1. Causeway. 2. Roadway. 3. Arch-
way. 4. Straightway. 5. Doorway. 6.
Midway. 7. Highway. 8. Railway. 9.
Halfway. 10. Waterway. 11. Gangway.
12. Broadway. 13. Solway. 14. Leeway.
15. Gateway. 16. Hatchway. 17. Cross-
way. 18. Noway.
17. Fill-i-beg.

PRIZE PUZZLE COLUMN.

Two Prizes to be Given Each Month.

These puzzles will appear each week,
and answers to each department will be
published on the Sunday succeeding its
appearance. All answers to puzzles
must be received not later than Thurs-
day morning of each week; must be dis-
tinctly numbered and signed; no anonym-
ous solutions will receive any attention.
On the first Sunday in each month, the
names of the two leaders in the con-
test will appear at the head of the col-
umn, and there will be a first and a
second prize.

18.—LINKADE.

He ONE beside the telescope,
About the hour of THREE,
And TWOED the instrument, in hope
Some wondrous sight to see;
A novice he, whose ill-directed stare
Could not distinguish ONE-TWO from Al-
tail.

With various TWOS he caught the moon,
And here and there a star,
But on his eager vision soon
A new orb gleamed from far;
A living creature passed before his sight;
He ONE transfixed with wonder and de-
light.

On tireless wings it swept and whirled
About that radiant sphere;
O, could it be the spirit world
Had opened to the seer?
His smile was TOTAL when at last he
found it;
A street-lamp, with a bat cavorting
round it.

19.—WORD POINTS.

EEEE
PNONL
PESTL
PKUVL
SSSSS

Each letter counts one point; if the
same letter is used twice in the same
word, second using counts twice the first;
third using in same word counts twice
the second; and if used four times, the
third time counts twice the third value,
third using in same word counts twice
etc.

Use all the letters you can, but only
use each one of the 25 once. EFFENDI.

20.—CURTAILMENT.

Years have ONE since last we met,
Yet I never can forget
The enchantment of thy smile,
Though diverser many a mile.
Time may TWO, but still I'll be
Paragon of constancy.
I will ever think and dream
Of thy beauty's constant beam,
As a light in memory's ken,
Never to go out again.
In our THREE there never fell
Garlands of the immortal;
In the Four of luxury
Never was our lot to be.
But in FIVE we lived and grew
Happy where the south winds blew;
Happy in our dwelling's SIX,
Sheer round by stacks and ricks,
Unshadowed was the lot
That the TWO of time has brought.
ADYL.

21.—SQUARE.

1. King of Scotland—1066 (?) 2. Loss
of power of speaking. 3. One who is
cheerful. 4. Members of a race some-
what resembling the Arabs. 5. To hin-
der (obs.). 6. The male of the peregrine.
7. Roughly. STOLEES.

22.—COMPOUND CHARADE.

A THREE-WORD WORD.

So 1-2-3 was Amabel.
That all who knew her loved her well,
Abel, Abiel, Abiel,
Ansel, Asbel, and Ariel,
Isaiah, Bethuel, Daniel—
Pray skip, you say, to Zekiel?
Well, Zeke was last, and truth to tell
He did adore this TOTAL Belle.
II.

A ONE-THREE-WORD WORD.

When ONE-TWO-THREE on winter's
night,
They popped the corn o'er coals so bright,
Or blighting went, by bright moonlight,
Zeke wasn't happy—no, not quite.
Six words in two did him affright—
"1-2-3 ONE, TWO, THREE," quite right.
It was enough his heart to smite,
And o'er his spirits cast a blight.

Too had 'twould be to leave them so,
For this was fifteen years ago;
They live next door to us, you know,
I've picked their oldest for our Joe.
GARTH.

23.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A halt. 3. Strings. 4.
Certain unbeliferous plants. 5. A race
by horses. 6. Reciprocal relation. 7.
The act of addressing as a god. 8. To
set. 9. An heir. 10. An age. 11. A let-
ter. B. WILDER.

24.—TRANSPOSAL.

The question the Germans are debating,
And their best men are working upon
it;
Is not a theme of fighting or waiting,
But when you die will you take
"CREAM ON IT?"

The Reichstag took up the subject, anon,
And they argued most stoutly upon it.
They discussed the question both pro
and con,
And they are in favor of "CREAM ON
IT."

The living must say where the dead shall
rest,
But the dead, while yet alive, should
con it;
Shall we die and rest 'neath the earth's
cold breast,
Or had we rather accept of "CREAM
ON IT?"

My puzzleistic friends, what think you
now,
Earth's dark chilling robe—shall we
don it?
Or when word comes and death's angel
says: "Thou!"
Shall we silently vote for "CREAM ON
IT?" CLOVER.

25.—RIDDLE.

Uncouth of form, and dark of face,
And most obscure of birth,
I hold indeed a lowly place
Among the sons of earth.

Men tore from me my native soil,
Though still they call it mine;
They sold me, as their lawful spoil,
Yet I may not repine.

For, in yur home I serve you now,
A silent willing thrall;
A frown perhaps may cloud your brow,
If at your feet I fall.

I blush, I burn; a wasting flame
Thrills all my being through;
My glowing heart consumes my frame;
Dear friend, it glows for you!
M. C. S.

From Father Times.

Dear Children,—As announced, Marmaduke Atkinson won the special prize
offered for the first correct solution to
number 11 received here.

The regular monthly prizes will be an-
nounced next Sunday with the names
of the winners.

The mail bag testifies to your interest
in your page, and small people in all
parts of the State are among my cor-
respondents.

I trust that you will one and all find
it interesting to-day, and shall always
be glad to have you write me.

FATHER TIMES.